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THE CASTLE OF CONSTANZO.

An Italian Story.

AMONG the Italian nobles who embraced the French intereſt, and along with it were baniſhed from Lombardy, the Count de Conſtanzo was of the firſt diſtinction. On the eſtabliſhment of the Imperial arms there, his eſtate fell to the Duke of Modena, and himſelf, with an only child, withdrew into France, where he remained until he introduced Nicolo his ſon into the French army.

Nicolo, by gallantry and conduct equal to his birth, ran a conſiderable length in the career of military advancement, till his progreſs was prematurely ſtopped, by a wound he received in one of the Flemiſh campaigns, which diſabled him from the exerciſe of his commiſſion. Upon this he retires, with a wife and daughter, into an honourable privacy in a village of Auvergne, where he lived upon a proviſion allowed him by the King for ſome years, until the death of his wife, concurring with other circumſtances, induced him at length to remove at the age of 50 to the place of his birth.

On his arrival there under another name, which he aſſumed to prevent ſuſpicion and diſturbance, he found the poſſeſſions of his father occupied by Manfredi, an officer placed over them by the Duke of Modena, and not far from the caſtle of Conſtanzo, in a ſmall and ſolitary houſe, he and his daughter took up their reſidence.

His delight, his employment, his conſolation, centered in Leonora. To trace the dawning of her charms, and to aſſiſt the growth of her virtues, were his only relief from that dejection, which the idea of a loſt wife, and the ſight of a forfeited inheritance hourly inſpired. Often would he take her through the woods of Conſtanzo—but the ſcene was ſtill too powerful for him. At *every* object he would gaze in pathetic ſilence, or break into myſterious ejaculation—" But what do we here, Leonora?" would he exclaim—" theſe are not our grounds—O cruel uſurpers! have ye robbed her too? what had ſhe done? Unborn innocent! was ſhe alſo your enemy?" Alarmed, his lovely companion would inquire the meaning, but the fate of his family was ſtill concealed from her.

Their mode of living was as recluſe as their ſituation. Leonora never went abroad without her father, except to a neighbouring convent, where ſhe learnt of the Nuns ſome female accompliſhments; nor did ſhe ever appear in public, except at church. However, it was her fate to catch the greedy eye of Manfredi. She was then ſcarce fifteen, and though her beauty was not ripened into its full luxuriance, yet then it appeared a moſt alluring bloſſom.

Manfredi, though enſlaved to luſt and revenge (for theſe were the two moſt forward features of his character) was nevertheleſs both able and obliged to maintain in his conduct the utmoſt rigour of decorum. 'Twas by ſuch an appearance, that he at firſt won the eſteem of his Prince, and to ſuch he then owed his ſituation at Conſtanzo; for the Duke, generous to romantic exceſs, thinking that the welfare of his ſubjects, which was the ruling object of his life, would be promoted by ſetting ſuch a character as Manfredi over that part of his domains, ſacrificed an umbrage he entertained againſt him, to ſuch a noble conſideration.

Stung by the faſcinating eyes of Leonora, which, in ſpite of her purity, could look nothing but love, Manfredi at firſt conceived the baſeſt deſigns on her innocence, and made ſome clandeſtine efforts to accompliſh them; but by the kind vigilance of her father he was always baffled, though never detected. At length his appetite (for it was not love) grew too unruly for conſtraint; and one night he went in diſguiſe to Conſtanzo's houſe, where reconnoitering the window of Leonora's apartment, he attempted through it to gain admiſſion to her bed. The window was in the upper ſtory, and looked into a ſmall incloſure behind the houſe, which ſerved for a garden. The wall, on that ſide, was covered to the top with ivies, which on his applying the ladder whereby he was to get up, made ſuch a ſudden ruſtling as rouſed Leonora from ſleep. She remained, however, trembling in her bed, till ſhe heard and ſaw a perſon breaking open her caſement. Alarmed, ſhe ſprung up, flew to the window, and, by an impulſe of deſperation, thruſt the ruffian and his ladder down together. But the exertion exhauſted her, that ſhe ſunk on the floor in a ſwoon, during which Manfredi, though miſerably bruiſed, made ſhift to eſcape.

The diſturbance awoke Conſtanzo—Leonora ruſhed into his thoughts; he roſe up, went into her apartment, and there, with unutterable terror, found her extended, ſenſeleſs, at the foot of her bed. By his tender aid, however, ſhe in a ſhort time recovered, and ſatisfied him with regard to the occaſion of her fright; but who the perſon was, or how ſhe delivered herſelf from him remained inexplicable. The affair at length, was conſtrued into a purpoſe of robbery—things were ſet in ſecurity; ſhe removed into her fathers apartment, and the remainder of the night was ſpent in repoſe.

Next day Leonora, as uſual, repaired to the convent, and was engaged among the holy ſiſters till evening; but then, when ſhe returned home, what was her horror to find the houſe deſolate and empty, no father, no furniture there—the doors torn off the hinges, and the wind whiſtling dolefully thro' the diſmantled windows! The poor young forlorn, ran diſtractedly through every room, calling on her father; and ſhrieking unregarded, till a monk, who was paſſing that way to the convent, heard her, and drew nigh, when learning the circumſtances of her diſtreſs, he endeavoured to appeaſe her anguiſh.

He went with her to all the cottages around, but nobody could give them any tidings of Conſtanzo, or account of the ſtrange calamity. The Peaſants declared, ſome with looks of ſuſpicion, others of ſurpriſe, and all of pity, that they had not ſeen that day any glimpſe of ſuch an affair. Their ſearch continued till midnight; and Leonora would have traverſed every inch of ground in the Duchy, ere ſhe ſtopped unſatisfied, had not the benevolent father inſiſted on her accompanying him to the convent.

When ſhe arrived there, her afflictions aſſumed a new form. Such terror and exertion brought on a fever of the moſt dangerous aſpect, during which ſhe raved, day and night, about her father and her miſery. The efforts of medicine, however, promoted by her youth, overcame the diſeaſe; but though her health was in ſome meaſure reſtored, the wound of ſorrow was ſtill freſh in her heart, for nothing as yet had been heard of Conſtanzo.

As ſoon as her enfeebled body could reach the diſtance, and her religious protectors would allow her, ſhe ventured forth to the deſolate houſe. There was ſomething ſo diſmal in the air of that premature ruin, as would damp the moſt indifferent ſpectator; what then muſt its effect have been on Leonora? Her heart ſickened within her, when on entering, ſhe beheld the lower apartments employed in penning a few ſheep, and the floors of the upper defiled by the feathers and excrements of crows. But when ſhe entered her father's chamber, the ſhock became too mighty for her feelings. Recollection furniſhed its empty walls with every thing they once contained: her eye, in a frenzy of ſorrow ſeemed to devour the melancholy blank: when it came to that corner where Conſtanzo's bed uſed to lie, a thouſand thoughts crowded into her fancy—ſhe thought ſhe ſaw him expiring there—murderers and poignards, and blood aggravated the idea—ſhe recoiled from the phantom which ſhe formed; and ran down ſtairs, trembling at the echo of her own footſteps.

At the threſhold ſhe ſunk down, and there gave vent to an accumulation of tears, till interrupted by the approach of a ſtranger on horſeback. This was no lower perſonage than the Duke of Modena, who being then on an annual viſit to that part of his dominions, reſided at the caſtle of Conſtanzo, where Menfredi ſtill lay confined by his bruiſes. The Duke happened that day to be hunting in the neighbourhood; and obſerving at ſome diſtance, the beautiful young creature in a poſture of picturesque affliction, rode up to her. An heart, ſo humanely noble as his, muſt be a party at ſuch a ſpectacle. He enquired her ſtory, and ſhe told it with ſuch melancholy ſweetneſs, as both wet his eyes, and warmed his heart. The circumſtance of the nocturnal aſſault drew his keeneſt attention—" a thought has ſtruck me" ſaid he, " pray, was the window high?" Alas! ſo high Sir, " ſhe replied, I tremble at the miſchief the perſon may have received—but, if you pleaſe, I'll ſhow it you." They went round; and, as they were ſurveying the window, one of the Duke's hounds, that had overleap'd the hedge of the incloſure, returned, bearing in his teeth a ſcabbard incloſing half the blade of a ſword. The Duke's ſuſpicions were ſtrengthened. He went with Leonora into the garden, and found under the window that had been aſſailed, the remaining part of the ſword lying among ſome ſhrubs. Snatching it up, and obſerving a creſt, engraved on the hilt, " ha! I am right—it was, it was Manfredi—This is the ruffian's ſword broken in the fall—

his bruiſes confirm it. Courage, thou lovely ſufferer! thy father may yet be reſtored to thee. The monſter that could attempt thy ruin, would not ſhrink from his. Not a hole in Conſtanzo but ſhall be ranſacked, till we find him—let us go thither inſtantly—deliberation were now madneſs." Leonora, loſt in aſtoniſhment and hope, ſuffered herſelf to be placed on the Duke's horſe, who attended her on foot to the caſtle.

When they arrived there, he inſtantly repaired to Manfredi's chamber; and introducing Leonora, aſked him whether he knew that lady—"No," replied the alarmed criminal—"nor this ſword?"—"What! that ſword!—why"—but guilt ſhackled his tongue, and ſtrangled his diſſimulation. "Atrocious wretch!" cried the Duke, "is this the honour, that the humanity that won my favour?—But where is her father?—Monſter of revenge!—that he ſhould ſuffer for the hurt his daughter occaſioned, a hurt you more than deſerved!—But where is he.—On your life produce him ſafe." Manfredi, having by this time recollected himſelf, hardily denied any knowledge or concern in the affair; but, on the demand of his Prince, was obliged to deliver up the keys of the caſtle.

The Duke went himſelf, with Leonora and two officers, through every apartment, but could not find Conſtanzo. Hope ſhrunk away from their boſoms, and ſuſpicion began to follow it. Returning, however, through a paſſage under ground, they heard a deep groan proceeding from a contiguous vault which had eſcaped their ſearch. The door, though curiouſly concealed, they at laſt found out; but as none of the keys that were given them, could unlock it, the Duke impatiently ordered it to be forced open with a crow; and, entering with lights, found the ghaſtly figure of Conſtanzo ſtretched on the floor; he could ſcarce lift up his emaciated form ere it was claſped in his daughter's arms;—"my father,"—"ha, my Leonora!—but the tears and tranſports of the interview deſcription muſt not attempt. At laſt, ſays Conſtanzo, art thou come, my child to ſee me dying in a dungeon of my father's caſtle,—"what, interrupted the Duke, art thou Conſtanzo, thou the ſon of that unfortunate nobleman whoſe eſtate my father ſeized?—Yes, yes, the ſame, the companion of my youthful ſtudies at Ferrara—every feature of Nicoli ſtill languiſhes in that viſage, in ſpite of years and diſtreſs I can trace them; let me ſhare with thee, Leonora, in that embrace. They immediately left that place of horror, and repaired to Manfredi. The Duke could not ſpeak the tumult of his benevolent joy; what angel, cried he, has put ſo much of Heaven in my power, as to reſtore a parent from the jaws of murder to the embrace of his child, to reſtore an Earldom, from the cuſtody of a villain, to the poſſeſſion of its heir. Conſtanzo, you are henceforth maſter here; I quit all property in whatever you were born to enjoy; your ſufferings have atoned for your father's hoſtility to our houſe. Conſtanza, in amazement, threw himſelf at his feet—"my ſovereign," cried he—"my friend," interrupted the Duke—ſtifle theſe acknowledgments; and, if you would be grateful to your Prince, be a father to your vaſſals,—As for thee, luſtful revengeful hypocrite, but thy puniſhment is within thee—Duty, however, demands me to diſburden my dominions inſtantly of thy guilt,—hence,—and hereafter avoid theſe regions as thy life ſhall anſwer it—hence, and let thy detection and debaſement declare to other ſtates, as well as this, that providence, can draw good from the depths of vice, for thy luſt hath rent the veil of diſſimulation, and thy revenge ſtopped the abuſe of authority.

"BOOKS are to the ſoul what the ſun is to the earth; they enlighten it and qualify it for ſociety."

THE APOLOGY.

The following Lines, addreſſed to two Ladies, appear to have been occaſioned by the circumſtance of the author having appeared in their company under the influence of a *beverage*, we preſume, ſomewhat more potent that the Caſtalian ſpring.

ALAS! that wine, deſign'd by Heaven to bleſs,
Should injure man, the victim of exceſs—
From the repeated draught calm reaſon flies,
And, lurking at the bottom, madneſs lies.
Such late my caſe—then let the wreck of ſenſe
Plead the apology for my offence:
Ne'er had I err'd, had reaſon but been true,
Nor wrong'd myſelf—when I offended you.
Approving oft you've read the moral line—
"To err is human—to forgive divine:"
Then, let my fault a generous pardon find,
And ſhew, in angel-form, an angel-mind!
Then, hear my vow, no more the dang'rous draught
Shall rob me of one hour of ſober thought;
No more ſhall wine in nobler empire ſhare,
Or tempt me from my duty to the fair,
The joys of reaſon only will I prize,
Nor drink of madneſs—but from Delia's eyes.

APOPHTHEGM.

IT was a ſaying of a famous Grecian commander when about to give his daughter in marriage, that he would rather ſhe ſhould marry a man without money, than money without a man. If we look abroad through ſociety, how few parents can be found of the ſame ſentiments with our diſtinguiſhed Grecian hero. If a young man pays his addreſſes to the fair, his reception is always according to his pecuniary circumſtances—Reputation, abilities and perſonal accompliſhments are looked upon as nothing when the purſe, the grand deſideratum of contracted minds is wanting. It is money that gives charms to perſons however deformed, and eſtabliſhes a reputation in ſociety, while genius and virtue unaccompanied with gold, are looked upon with contempt, and left to ſtruggle in vain—How often is it that you ſee an opulent monſter, and a contemptible fop, ſucceed in his addreſſes, when a Mentor is rejected.

AMARILLA.

W A R.

WHEN David was offered his choice of war, famine, and peſtilence, he choſe the laſt. Let us, ſaid he, fall now into the hand of the Lord, (for his mercies are greater) and let me not fall into the hand of man. Of theſe three judgments war is certainly the moſt dreadful, and often brings the others in its train. By the neglect of agriculture, and the deſolation which is made, a ſcarcity of proviſions is neceſſarily produced; and in war malignant diſtempers are generated, ſo that it is not unuſual for more to periſh by theſe than by the ſword. Let it be added too, that war not only deſtroys the bodies, but has a moſt baneful influence on the morals of men. Famine and peſtilence tend to awaken them to a ſenſe of their ſins, and diſpoſe them to receive religious impreſſions; but war inflames wicked paſſions, and leads to a general corruption. This is lamentably the caſe in all internal diſſentions, or what are called civil wars. That nation is accurſed of God which is thus given up.

Tranſlation of a Welſh Epigram.

A WOMAN's charms may paſs away,
Her *eyes* grow dim, her *teeth* decay—
But while ſhe breathes the vital gale,
'Tis ſtrange her *tongue* ſhould never fail.

BENEFICENCE.

That which is given with pride and oſtentation, is rather an ambition than a bounty. Let a benefit be ever ſo conſiderable, the *manner* of conferring it is the nobleſt part.

A Certain cardinal, by the multitude of his generous actions, gave occaſion for the world to call him The patron of the Poor. This eccleſiaſtical prince had a conſtant cuſtom once a week to give public audience to all indigent people in the hall of his palace, and to relieve every one according to their various neceſſities, or the motions of his own bounty. One day a poor widow, encouraged by the fame of his bounty; came into the hall of this cardinal, with her only daughter, a beautiful maid, about fifteen years of age. When her turn came to be heard among a crowd of petitioners, the cardinal obſerving the marks of an extraordinary modeſty in her face and carriage, as alſo in her daughter, encouraged her to tell her wants freely. She bluſhing, and not without tears, thus addreſſed herſelf to him: "My lord, I owe for the rent of my houſe five crowns, and ſuch is my misfortune, that I have no way left to pay it, ſave what would break my heart, (and my landlord threatens to force me to it) that is, to proſtitute this my only daughter, whom I have hitherto with great care educated in the paths of virtue. What I beg of your eminence is, that you would be pleaſed to interpoſe your authority, and protect us from the violence of this cruel man, till by honeſt induſtry we can procure the money for him." The cardinal, moved with admiration of the woman's virtue and modeſt requeſt, bid her be of good courage: then he immediately wrote a billet, and giving it into the woman's hand, "Go," ſaid he, "to my ſteward, and he ſhall deliver thee five crowns to pay thy rent."—The widow, overjoyed, and returning the cardinal a thouſand thanks, went directly to the ſteward, and gave him the note. When he had read it, he told out *fifty crowns*. She, aſtoniſhed at the meaning of it, and not knowing what the cardinal had wrote, refuſed to take above five crowns, ſaying, ſhe mentioned no more to his eminence, and ſhe was ſure it was ſome miſtake. On the other hand the ſteward inſiſted on his maſter's order, not daring to call it in queſtion. But all the arguments he could uſe were inſufficient to prevail on her to take any more than five crowns. Wherefore to end the controverſy, he offered to go back with her to the cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before that munificent prince, and he was fully informed of the buſineſs, "It is true," ſaid he, "I miſtook in writing *fifty* crowns, give me the paper and I will rectify it." Upon which he wrote again, ſaying to the woman, "So much candor and virtue deſerves a recompence. Here, I have ordered you "*five hundred crowns.*" What you can ſpare of it lay up as a dowry to give your daughter in marriage."

Anecdote of a Quack Doctor.

A REGULAR phyſician being ſent for by a maker of univerſal ſpecifics—grand ſalutarians, &c. expreſſed his ſurprize on being called in on an occaſion apparently trifling. "Not ſo trifling!" replied the quack, "for to tell you the truth, I have taken ſome of my own pills in a miſtake!"

Epigram, on a beautiful Lady, addicted to loud, vulgar, and immoderate laughter.

A MATCHLESS figure, form'd to pleaſe,
Unrivall'd dignity and eaſe,
In lovely Kitty ſee!
Her boſom owns the ſweet controul,
That ſwells, inflames, enſlaves the ſoul;
She laughs and ſets it free.

THOUGHTS ON MARRIAGE.

DID young people ſeriouſly conſider the important change which marriage muſt neceſſarily produce in their ſituation, how much more cautious would it make them in forming their choice of a companion for life? Alas! what avail the graces of the fineſt figure, the moſt captivating addreſs, the aſſemblage of all that is enſnaring, if the heart is depraved, or the conduct imprudent. The gayeſt aſſociate of the convivial hour may be the dulleſt, the moſt unfit companion for the domeſtic circle: and he, who is never ſatisfied but in a crowd, or when engaged in a continued round of pleaſure, is very unlikely to make a tender and prudent huſband. Should ſickneſs or diſtreſs draw near, depend upon it he will fly from their approach. If beauty alone excited his compaſſion, it will ceaſe to exiſt when you are deprived of thoſe attractions on which it was founded. If fortune was his inducement, that will likewiſe ſoon looſe its value in his ſordid mind; and the very perſon who brought him the wealth for which he ſighed, will be conſidered as the grand obſtacle to its enjoyment. Too often is this unpleaſing picture to be ſeen in many diſcontented families, which a little ſerious reflection might have prevented being ſo unfortunately realized. Never be prevailed upon to yield your heart to any one, however he may ſhine in the gay circle of the world, if you are convinced that he has no reliſh for the enjoyments of a retired life. The man who likes every houſe better than his own, will ſcarcely take the trouble of making home agreeable to others, whilſt it is diſguſting to himſelf. It will be the only place in which he gives way to his diſcontent and ill-humour. Such people are for ever ſtrangers to the dear delights of the ſocial ſtate, and the real comforts of a well regulated family. He that is indiſcriminately at home is never at home, and he feels himſelf a ſtranger or a viſiter amidſt his cloſeſt connections.

HUMAN HAPPINESS.

By Mr. Harriſon.

MEN may be happy if they will,
And ſo may women too;
Sages have ſaid, they ſay ſo ſtill,
And what they ſay is true.

But ſome are much too weak, to know
Where bliſs ſubſtantial lies;
While others look for nought but woe,
Theſe are ſo wondrous wiſe!

Some with ſuch venom'd envy ſwell,
At ſight of human joy;
On earth they hate that peace ſhould dwell,
And e'en their own deſtroy.

Others, by ſentiment oppreſs'd,
No bliſs e'er hope to gain;
While, through the world, a ſingle breaſt
Can feel a ſingle pain.

To one grand error is each heart,
Or more or leſs inclin'd:
Pleaſures all want, devoid of ſmart;
Joys, with no ſting behind.

If for delights we madly ſeek,
Which reaſon bids us ſhun;
What wonder, down the bluſhing cheek,
Contrition's torrents run!

When, eager for the blooming roſe,
Our hands impetuous ruſh;
Who wonders that the blood o'erflows,
Torn by the guardian buſh?

Yet ſuch our folly, ſtill we ſigh,
Like infants, for the moon:
Aſk bliſs for mortals much too high,
Or ſnatch the roſe too ſoon.

Philadelphia, *Jan.* 2.

The large and commodious Hoſpital now building in our city, is for the reception, excluſively, of perſons deprived of their reaſon. The charity is noble in proportion to the excellency of the gift of reaſon above all other bleſſings: The charity is moreover neceſſary, inaſmuch as madneſs, above all other diſeaſes, requires abſence from home and confinement to cure it. To encourage the benefactions of the public to this inſtitution, it ought to be known, that madneſs is no longer conſidered by phyſicians as an incurable diſeaſe: the preſent remedies for it, when early applied, are as certain in their effects, as the remedies for pleuriſy or any other common diſorder. They do not conſiſt, as formerly, in thoſe ſevere modes of coercion which were diſtreſſing to humanity. The whip is now never uſed; and the chain and mad-ſhirt but ſeldom. In ſhort, the ſame principles which have been applied with ſo much ſucceſs to the cure of the diſorders of the moral powers in the new jail of our city, have been applied with equal ſucceſs to the cure of the diſorders of the underſtanding. As the firſt fruits of this new and humane mode of treatment, three perſons were diſcharged from the hoſpital in one day (cured of madneſs) a few weeks ago, altho' they had been attended under a want of many of the advantages mad people will have in the new building.

The Meduſa frigate that carried Mr. Fauchet back to France arrived at Breſt before the end of September, after a paſſage of 26 days.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman of official character in the Legiſlature of North Carolina, dated Raleigh, Dec. 10, 1795.

Our aſſembly adjourned yeſterday without doing much buſineſs of a public nature, as you may perceive by the encloſed liſt of the captions of acts paſſed this ſeſſion.

The public mind here, I am induced to believe from your letter, and ſome Virginia publications which have reached us, hath not ſuſtained ſuch violent ſhocks as in the latter place, and Philadelphia.

General P. made an effort in the houſe of Commons, to paſs ſome reſolutions declarative of our diſapprobation of the late treaty made with Great Britain; and to thank our Senators of Congreſs for their oppoſition to the ſame; but they paſſed negatively, 65 votes to 21—They were oppoſed on this ground, "that the treaty was an act of the general government, over which the ſtate of North Carolina had no controul; and any interference on their part might leſſen the good ſenſe and dignity of the ſtate in the eyes of the world, in uſurping power i. e. the treaty making power already delegated conſtitutionally to the general government—That thanking the Senators for their conduct in the buſineſs, could not more attach them to the intereſt of the ſtate than if the ſame were omitted at this time. They have given proofs of their attachment, and they well enough know their conſtruction in that inſtance was generally approbated—and on the whole it was the beſt policy to throw a veil on the whole matter, and wait for future favourable contingencies."

NEW-YORK, Dec. 30.

Extract of a letter from the Iſland of Barbadoes, dated the 11th Nov. laſt, to a gentleman in this city.

"We have had the greateſt fall of water ever remembered; it has rained without intermiſſion for 96 hours, attended with the ſevereſt thunder and lightning imaginable; the town was at leaſt two foot in water, and for a few hours our fears were greatly increaſed by an inceſſant fall of hail ſtones, a phenomenon never ſeen ſince the ſettlement of the iſland."

KNOXVLLE, Dec. 4.

In a former paper, we eſtimated the number of emigrants to Cumberland (Mero Diſtrict) this year at 12,000. We ſaid nothing as to the emigration to the other two diſtricts of the territory, Waſhington and Hamilton, which, we are well aſſured, ſurpaſſes that to Mero. The emigration to Kentucky, this year, has been uncommonly great.—The day is not far diſtant, when the country weſt of the Appalachian Mountain will be the moſt populous part of America—It affords every encouragment to ſettlers—A very rich ſoil, the beſt water, a temperate climate, and health, uninterrupted by *Yellow*, or other *Contagious* FEVERS.

It appears by the ſchedules of the ſheriffs of the reſpective counties in this territory, made in conformity to an act, entitled, "An act providing for the enumeration of the inhabitants of the territory of the United States of America ſouth of the river Ohio," that there are 66,649 free inhabitants, and 10,613 ſlave, therein: total, 77,262.

RUTLAND, Dec. 10.

On Wedneſday Nov. 25th the wife of *Mr. Jeremiah Palmer*, of Tinmouth, was brought to bed of *Four* children two ſons and two daughter weighing five pounds each.

EXETER, Dec. 10.

We learn from Haverhill, that on the 20th ult. at Newbury, a woman was put on ſhore about 3 miles below that town to which place ſhe walked, when ſhe was immediately taken ill and a ſhort time after, ſafely delivered of three living children, two ſons and one daughter, who are likely to do well. A circumſtance worthy of remark, is, that this woman had three huſbands, and by each, one litter of two ſons and a daughter at a birth.

Profitable women theſe in a young country.

CHARLESTON, Dec. 12.

Capt. *Luther* and the crew of the ſchooner *Mary*, which was overſet on Tueſday laſt off Rull's Iſland, were taken off her bottom by a ſmall ſchooner which fell in with the wreck about an hour after the accident happend; they arrived here yeſterday.

NORFOLK, Dec. 21.

We underſtand by an arrival yeſterday, that the *Argonaut* captured on Friday laſt a large copper bottomed ſhip from Aux Cayes bound to this port; ſhe was a prize ſhip, and bought up by a merchant of this place; ſhe is ſent to Halifax.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FRIEND TO YOUTH is informed, that we wiſh more unequivocal proof that the Juvenile Society is an inſtitution of "a vicious nature."

CORPORAL TRIM deſires us to inſert his piece after the firſt ſnow: We are apprehenſive from meteorological appearances, we ſhall have no ſnow this winter.—We are much obliged to him for the copious extracts he has communicated, and we ſhall occaſionally inſert the moſt admired pieces.

POPE'S lines on FRIENDSHIP are WORN THREAD-BARE.

The CYNIC, No. II, is too lengthy for this week's paper.

Miſ CATY CANDOR, in anſwer to ADOLESCENS, in our next.

FRENCH LANGUAGE.

MR. BARTHELEMY, in addition to his Private Tuition, has opened a SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, where French is taught in its juſt pronunciation, and grammatical conſtruction as uſual. The hours of attendance are from 11 to 1 o'clock P. M. on every Tueſday, Thurſday, and Saturday. For further particulars, applicants of a good education, only, may call at No. 66, Dock-ſtreet.

Court of Apollo.

Parody of a paſſage in Pope's eſſay on man.

"LO THE POOR INDIAN," &c.

LO the pert damſel, whoſe untatoi'd mind
Sees fairies in clouds or hears them in the wind;
Her ſoul dull ſcience never taught to ſtray;
The light which *Faſhion* gives directs her way;
Yet ſome vague notions airy hope has given
Of happier worlds, a future *Female* heaven,
Where gilded coaches rattle thro' the ſtreet,
Where her dear beau and dearer dog ſhall meet.
To be admir'd, contents her fond deſire,
She ſcorns the ſage's ſchemes the poet's fire,
But thinks admitted to the realms on high
To ſhine unrivall'd thro' a gazing ſky.
Go ſelf-taught child, and in thy partial glaſs
Survey each feature of thy pretty *Face*,
Call rouge the bluſh of health or think it ſuch;
But ſhould there be too little or too much,
Deſtroy the colours for thy rage or guſt,
Then cry "if woman ſuffers Heaven's unjuſt."
If the ſmart friſeur curl thy borrow'd hair,
And make one error here, another there,
Switch from his hand the powder and the tools,
Retouch his touches, be the fool of fools.

THE LAST AMOROUS EPISTLE,

FROM

JONATHAN TO *MOLLY*.

HOW oft in love's vaſt lake I've been,
The water juſt up to my chin;
Sometimes ſous'd over head and ears,
In deep deſpair, and drown'd with fears,
How oft my hand around thy waiſt
Has ſlily ventured and clung faſt.
What rapture on thy blooming cheek,
Enough to feed my ſoul a week,
How often have I ſtood aghaſt,
While from my eyes ſuch arrows paſt
Each ſhower appear'd to threat my laſt.
All night together have we ſat,
In one wide chair, and held our chat
On love, on raptures, and all that.
Thou know'ſt how oft thy hand I've ſqueez'd,
And thou haſt ogled, and I teaz'd.
Declaring in what ſtate was I,
How I muſt lay me down and die,
And to the grave for ſuccour fly.
'Mongſt all the ills, my life that compaſs,
There ne'er was one that made ſuch rumpus
About my inſides, as the love,
Which I have had for thee my dove;
How oft have I, my deareſt dear,
Declar'd that thou'rt an angel fair!
And ſworn that thou from heaven did'ſt fly,
Yet knew that it was all a lie.
Say know'ſt thou not what I've told o'er?
For thou ſhalt never know them more.
Thou ne'er ſhalt catch me, no, by Jove,
A dying in a fit of love.
I know all thy coquettiſh arts,
To catch and hold a hundred hearts.
Long may'ſt thou reign; but when thy charms
are paſt,
The wealthieſt fool ſhall take thee off at laſt.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

IN the court of Common Senſe, came on to be tried, a cauſe, in which a Countryman *was plaintiff, and a* Speculator *defendant; after hearing evidence on both ſides, the impartial judge addreſſed the jury to this effect:—*

In an age like the preſent, when envy is the only vice which is moſt practicable with impunity, and by which the endeavours of ſober reflection directed to public good often ſuffers, I feel my activity provoked to impreſs on your minds a juſt ſenſe of the foul criminality of the defendant in this caſe. Envy is that paſſion which can never lie quiet for want of irritation—it is the great bane of virtue and integrity—its effects are always diſcoverable, and every where to be dreaded—it is a moral evil, which leads the unfortunate poſſeſſor to view every action however great, and every endeavour, however directed to public or private utility, thro' the diminiſhing ſide of the perſpective, and has nothing better than vice and folly for its object.

In the animadverſions of the ſpeculator, you recognize this paſſion ſtrongly pourtrayed, and it muſt be obvious to every rational obſerver, that the acrimony of this critic was ſolely excited by the pain of ſeeing truth receive applauſe, and by ſeeing endeavours ſucceſsful, when there is not ſufficient excellence in his own nature to allow him to bear a part. Are there any arguments wanting to prove the deſtructive tendency of land-jobbing? *a practice, that is by experience, known to be productive of ills, which that* geni *of ſophiſtry, arrogant as he is, has not attempted to controvert, and which his malignant pen has only ſerved to lay a darker tint on. I would aſk, does the gentleman think he can diſtinguiſh himſelf as a champion of literature, by entering the liſts of controverſy armed againſt reaſon? or does he flatter himſelf with the hope, that he ſhall be ſucceſsful in his laſt* ſpeculation *on public opinion, in order to receive their concidence or approbation? If the latter is his object, let him reſt content with the dividend of additional fame that he can derive in this deciſion, of being found guilty of combating* reaſon, truth and juſtice, *all of which are ſtrongly diſcernable in the remarks of the Countryman.*

ANTI-SPECULATOR, Reporter.

SOLOMON and SHEBA.

I Recollect a pretty ſtory, which, in the Talmud or Gemara, ſome Rabbin has attributed to Solomon.

The power of this Monarch had ſpread his wiſdom to the remoteſt parts of the known world. A private ſcholar generally paſſes his life in obſcurity, and poſterity (a ſolitary conſolation) ſpreads his name to the moſt diſtant regions. But when a King is a ſtudent, the caſe is reverſed. Queen Sheba, attracted by the ſplendor of his reputaion, or more probably, urged by the inſatiable curioſity of the female, viſited this poetical King at his own court, with the ſole intention of aſking him queſtions. *The Rabbin cannot inform me, if her examination of the Monarch was always made in the chamber of audience; there is reaſon to ſuſpect that they frequently retired, for the ſolution of many a hard problem, to the philoſophic ſolitude of a private cabinet. But I do not intend by any means to make this work (as Lord Lyttleton anſwered to a curious female concerning his hiſtory) 'a vehicle for antiquated ſcandal.'*

It is ſufficient, that the incident I now relate paſſed as Solomon ſat ſurrounded by his court. At the foot of the throne ſtood the inquiſitive Sheba; in each hand, ſhe held a wreath of flowers; the one compoſed of natural the ether of artificial flowers. Art in the labour of the mimic wreath, had exquiſitely emulated the lively hues, and the variegated beauties of nature, ſo that at the diſtance it was held by the Queen for the inſpection of the King, it was deemed impoſſible for him to decide (as her queſtion imported) which wreath was the natural, and which the artificial. The ſagacious Solomon ſeemed poſed; yet to be vanquiſhed, tho' a trifle, by a trifling woman, irritated his pride. The ſon of David—he who had written treatiſes on the vegetable productions "from the Cedar to the Hyſop" to acknowledge himſelf outwitted by a woman, with ſhreads of paper and glazed paintings! The honor of the Monarch's reputation for divine ſagacity ſeemed diminiſhed; the whole jewiſh court looked ſolemn and melancholy. At length, an expedient preſented itſelf to the King; and, it muſt be confeſſed, worthy of the natural philoſopher. Obſerving a cluſter of Bees hovering about the window, he commanded that it ſhould be opened; it was opened, the Bees ruſhed into the court, and alighted immediately on one of the wreaths, while not a ſingle one fixed on the other. The deciſion was not then difficult; the learned Rabbins ſhook their beards in rapture, and the baffled Sheba had one more reaſon to be aſtoniſhed at the wiſdom of Solomon.

This would make a pretty poetical tale. It would yield an elegant deſcription, and a pleaſing moral; that the bee only reſts on natural beauties, and never fixes on the painted flowers, however inimitably the colours may be laid on.

M.

HUMANITY.

HUMANITY is an humble ſenſe of our own impotence and frailty, ſuggeſted by the misfortunes of another: it is a prudent foreſight of the diſaſters which may happen to ourſelves, which induces us to aſſiſt others: that they may be willing to return the favour to us on a ſimilar occaſion. It is certainly juſt that we ſhould have a ſuperior degree of tenderneſs for a father, a wife, a child, or a friend; but there is a ſort of affection we owe to all mankind,—as being members of one common family, of which the Deity is the great Creator and father!

Pity, compaſſion, and forgiveneſs, ſo far as is conſiſtent with the dictates of prudence and ſelf-preſervation, are due even to our bittereſt enemies. We muſt in no caſe ſhew that ſeverity to another, which we ſhould deem unjuſt if practiſed againſt ourſelves in a ſimilar ſituation; this is a rule which determines what kind of treatment is forbidden by nature, in reſpect to the reſt of mankind; and every thing, which if done to ourſelves would appear oppreſſive and cruel, is compriſed in this benevolent and equitable maxim. The greateſt men, in all ages and nations, have been diſtinguiſhed for the humanity of their temper, and the benevolence of their actions.

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